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Mankind.The Macro plays.

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Mankind

The Macro Plays. No. 1

Supposed date of MS., 1475
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Mankind

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Mankind

The Macro Plays. No. 1

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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Mankind

The Macro Plays. No. 1

The story of the Macro MS. Plays has been told by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. A. W. Pollard in The Early English Text Society's reprint, and it is outside the province of The Tudor Facsimile Texts to go over ground afresh that has been so well and thoroughly traversed by others. It is at Dr. Furnivall's suggestion, and through the kindness and courtesy of the present owner, Mr. J. H. Gurney, of Keswick Hall, near Norwich, that these valuable manuscripts are included in this series.

The Macro plays and manuscripts derive their name from a former owner, Cox Macro, an eighteenth-century antiquary, physician, and cleric. Born in 1683, *he died in* 1767. *Full particulars of his life's record will be found in "The Dictionary of National Biography," in The Early English Text Society's reprints of the Macro plays, and later (with contentious matter and suggestions in respect to "Mankind" by the present Editor) in "Lost Tudor Plays and Others," issued by The Early English Drama Society as an "extra" volume.*

Turning specifically to the original manuscript, "Mankind" formed part of a volume which in the eighteenth century contained other plays and treatises in manuscript—a strange juxtaposition of old moralities, a Juvenal, a treatise on alchemy, &c. When sold at auction, and bought by Mr. Hudson Gurney in 1820, *the collection was broken up, and three plays, "Mankind," "Wisdom," and "The Castle of Perseverance," were bound afresh in one volume. The first of these is now presented in facsimile: the others will follow in course.*

The numeration of the leaves (122–134) *is apparently*

that of the eighteenth century collection. The manuscript is probably not perfect. Mr. A. W. Pollard, in The Early English Text Society's reprint, discusses the questions of the watermarks and the "gatherings" of the thirteen leaves of the manuscript, and has come to the conclusion that the gathering was of twelve leaves (123–134), *preceded by a leaf* (122) *which has nothing to correspond to it. The interruption of the dialogue at this point suggests that at least one leaf has been lost. Certainly the lines commencing leaf* 123 *are very inappropriate in the mouth of Mercy; and further, this lacuna is made tolerably certain by the small roman figures on the lower margins, the first two extant leaves being numbered* i *and* iii, *the numeration then proceeding* iv, v, vi, vii, viii (ix *is unmarked*), x, *and so forth, mostly unmarked.*

Mr. Pollard thus sums up: "We may thus be certain that our gathering of twelve leaves was preceded by two other leaves containing the beginning of the text of the play. But as no scribe would commence work by writing on a half quarto sheet, either two or more leaves belonging to the play are wanting before its present beginning, or else the play must have originally been written in a miscellany book, in which it was preceded by some other piece written on the earlier part of the same gathering. The former hypothesis is not impossible, as the text of the play might have been preceded by the speeches of flag-bearing criers or vexillatores, *announcing its approaching performance."*

The inscription at the end of the play (*leaf* 134), *which is partly erased and cut through, will be found distinctly given in "Wisdom"* (*Tudor Facsimile Texts, Macro Plays, No.* 2).

The writing on leaf 134 (*back*) *has apparently nothing to do with the play of "Mankind," or "Wisdom" which follows it in the original volume. There are three items, all written upside down—eight lines of English between two bits of Latin.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

Mankind

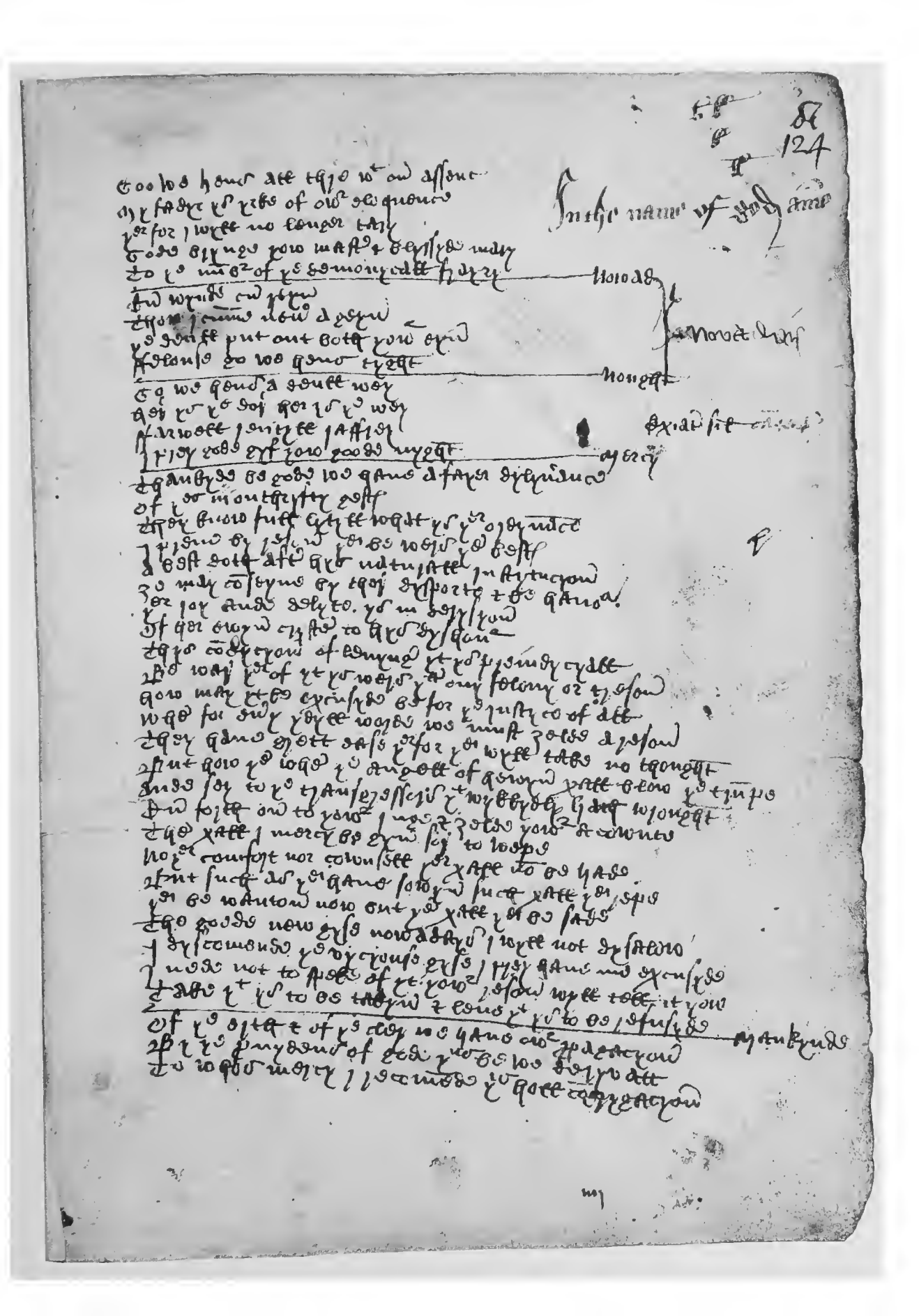
[*The Players in the order of their entry*

MERCY
MISCHIEF
NOUGHT
NEW-GUISE
NOW-A-DAYS
MANKIND
FITIVILLUS]

mercy

The veyll seruntes & beryall of our lyght ghostes
Amonges vs synfull wretches we owght to be mdefyed
yt for our dyspleasyng he hath now mdyrected
vs to suche lyght owrd sowd to be loyd & ymaghed
our vnscrupulous fryces to hym yuelle be aplyed
wyche he wold lorde of all & made all thyngs of nought
soe ys synfull synnes. to hath hym yeoryuds
all for hys goodnes sake hys mord sowd at nought
yt may be seyde & veryfyed. mankynde wold all owght
all yt pytyfull sorte of ihu. to hath hym mocked
to wat pleasyd of hys dyscyples. yt wyche dyd hath wrought
all hys greatyus passyon yt bestyll crudelytye
O sauyour ihu seche your codyconu to obteyne
and yt mynyster & sauyour. to stand a yeomanbd
to yt blessyd prynce. yt our natyu. dothe excuse
yt ys may be percyuyd of hys yotenyow
& stand be yt veyll mone for your yestytuyow
mercy to my mone. yt mouyth for your offence
Dyverte not your syght. in tyme of tentacyon
yt ys may be acceptyd. to gode at your gostly howse
to yt glott mercy of gode. yt ys of most pytyfulnes
all modyfyeyow of our lady yt ys all hath dyuynyte
to yt synfull ymatus. yt wyll yepent hys vyolence
& pray gode at your most nede yt mercy be your defendaunte
& gode worbyd & wyse your dyuynes to be pfoundaunte
to pnyshe your sowle yt ym be not corrupte
ffor your gostly enmy wyll mdes hys vanes
your goode codyconu yf he may interrupte
all ys sauyour yt sytt & ys bytholdyd yt stonde syght hoppe
pyrbd not your fobyerdes. in tyme of tentacyon
all hath not ys ofte but lyfte in your be nede
& hath ys gode ys mocyde dayly to mdyuyte
wth yt ys hode forsake & take your cyrcyte
& mone our sauyour. yt wold lyke my to a crambe

Ande how mynstrellys pley þe comyn trace
ley on wt þi ballys tyll hys bely breste
I putt case I breke my neke how than — Nought
I gyff no force by Sent tanne — New gyse
Leppe a bout lyuely þu art a wyght man — Now a days
lett ws be mery whyll we be her
Xall I breke my neke to schew yow sporte — Nought
Therfor euer be war of þi reporte — Now a days
I beschrew ye all her ys a schrewde sorte — Nought
Haue þer at þen wt a mery chere
Do wey do wey þis reull sers do wey — Her þei daunce Mercy seyth
Do wey goode Adam do wey — Now a days
Thys ys no parte of þi pley
Yis mary I prey yow for I loue not þis reuelynge — Nought
Cum forth goode fader I yow prey
Be a lytyll ye may assay
Anon of wt yowr clothes yf ye wyll play
Go to for I haue had a praty scottlynge
Nay brother I wyll not daunce — Mercy
Yf ye wyll ser my brother wyll make yow to prawnce — New gyse
Wt all my herte ser yf I may yow avaunce — Now a days
Ye may assay be a lytyll trace
Ye ser wyll ye do well — Nought
Trace not wt þem be my cownsell
For I haue tracyed sumwat to fell
I tell yt ys a narow space
But ser I trow of ws thre I herde yow speke
Crystys curse had þerfor for I was in slepe — New gyse
And I had þe cuppe in my honde redy to goo to met — Now a days
Therfor ser curtly grett yow well
Few wordys few & well sett — Mercy
Ser yt ys þe new gyse & þe new iett — New gyse
Many wordys & schortely sett
Thys ys þe new gyse euery dele
Lady helpe how wrechys delyte in þer synfull weys — Mercy
Now a days



I hope ow to hys blyssɔ yᵗ be all ꝓsperyte
Duȳ wᵗ for grodgyɔ I trust xall be ferȳte
yf wo wyll inclyne ob² cayll all cōdycyon
Inde ow² coūtrayɔ dyspysyr yᵗ ow be ꝓbortionlle
to ſomꝛe yᵉ & yette wyll ow² gode ꝓpycyon
my mynde yᵗ natuȳ nde I qtus my compoſycyon
of a body & of a ſoule of cōdycyon cōtrayɔ
2ꝯ tray & tweyn. yᵉ dyſtyll dyuyſyon
ȳ & xulle be ſolecte. wyll ge hatt yᵉ victoȳ
thys ꝯ to me a lamōtable ſtoȳ
to ſe my feoffe of my ſoule to ſtande cōtrarye
wyſe yᵉ goode wyll yᵗ muſt yᵉ goode wyll nedy be ſay
a cauſe wyght wyll & fortune & yᵉ cōtrarye
to be aſſocyatt wᵗ my feoffe & ſtrubyng ſtunde wyll
pay godys. ſonnes yᵉ ſoule my ſoule my ꝯ yᵗ
to ſe yᵉ feoffe ꝓſpous & yᵉ ſoule goode wyll ſtande ſtyll
I xall go to yondyr mayd & ſay hyr I wyll
I trust of goſtly ſalue ge wyll be my ſote
Sett gerȳt ſonnely fadyr ȝ be welcome to ȝᵉ houſe
of yᵉ vyle wyſſyng ȝ hane ꝓtyſyaryow
my body wᵗ my ſoule yᵉ ow ꝯmyſſyon
I ſhall yow for ſoute cauſe of yow² ſupportatyow
I be ſeche yow gertyly of yow² goſtly comforte
I am muſe & ſtyll in tyrynge my mynde yᵗ manhode
my goſtly enmy yᵉ deuyll wyll hane a gyll be ſporte
I in ſympyll ſyrdyr yf ge nedy ſo me ſende
Firſt ſende yow goode comforte ȝ be welcow my ſtrey
grounde wyſe ow yow² ſote I ſhall yow ayde
my mynde yᵗ mony ȝ be to me full frende
yᵗ be ſchewe dyre I wyll yow ayde
o mony of all gyftes ȝ be yᵉ worſte
I hane gode rolle of hyll wordſchyppfulle clarke
I be ſo applye I wyll to gode & not of gyle to ſpeke
be ſtyll myſty tut yow I bone all gyle wyght
o yow² lonely wyſe to my ſoule all frowarde yᵗ hane
I be to nyptatyow of yᵉ feoffe ȝ I muſt ſyſt tyme I mut
for yᵉ ow & eſtate be tray yᵉ ſoule & yᵉ body
with gode eſt mꝛtard ſyſt tyme
o hyſſe yow² goſtly ſonny & be clyſt ow hyght

The residue of my goods now yt ys vnpraysed
The vnbrused bedd of ye comyng in ye hall
Our lady light in ye parish
The accompted debt of my euydence
Mr Scaliger first booke and three volumes bound
The glorious remembrance of my mighty conquest
To haue found a memory of my life yt may outlast yt ys
To forsake me from all superstycyous ceremonies
And to come to come to ye knowledge and obedience
Of God and my duty ye grace of mynd desyre

The residue yt coldes goods serue to no good purpose

Decem qui bonus et duo pessimus pereant

Rabbi Hillel in Pirke

I doe a thinge yt no grand Signior may not matche
The spirit of life in me doth make Death afraid to come
To seeke new quarters and so yt my own soule
Finde good rooms for ye entertainment

Now dead

We must all ouer come a Christmas once
To make vp ye mirth yt ye hath lost
To syngle me out a merry day

No more

Yt ys my will yt my a coffe yt ys to be buried in a cole

Now dead & gone

Q. yt Scaliger in a coffe yt ys to be buried in a cole

No more

Q. yt Scaliger in a coffe yt ys to be buried in a cole

Now dead

But he is dead ys now but he

No more

But he is dead ys now but he

No more dead

Me thinks ys dead ys yt xxtie be mery and dy

Now dead

Hodie hodie hodie hodie hodie hodie

Now dead

By mariage good store to haue in store

Xxtie tone of a million

Worth nothing and nothe to bestow

Now dead

Good store house to entertayne

Now dead & gone

I must now take my leaue of my body

myghtyde | wold for colde but more my | body me
to my owyne avysyd for to stand good stryng
& robbyd good | abyde | stand such a poynt in my dyng
| may not chonge a mā afor thy myd

Mabyrde

how | ~~to~~ thanke good buchyng and my bus
& bysshop as his name he is of the dogge
& for | forgeve of his estate & he hath | unto me
in of mynd sinnys | stand putt to flyght
& yt ye punishment dowbyll is not made to defende
Danyd forgeve us in yaffu as we forgeve ours

Nought

no mayt | be forgeve yow yt is in heaven
thy for christe sake now good robyrd
to sende you esse myght

Exist

Mabyrde

| grantt you ye folmyse wyll no mor ow god
for | mine of ye comyn wold summe wight to not
my fadyr moyr avysyd me to go of a good chon
and dede a dethyn my sinnys mekly for to fleyght
| xall com to you to | hope bin chon
not | say dowyssh | do yt not alow
wt | hope of ye grace of god | forsyst my sow
and ye mekyn chon hope
wt my spade | wyll scape my wordly fryndys
and he me bid wt | chon to comyn to my mesonde
| xall go fett corn for my hondys | thy you of pardone
Brede now | xall | swete

Mysdoyll

a thas a thasse yt bid | wold no wyght
a passe ye wyght | wold no wyght
by tyde | wold god by he me bought
| my wittyng god bid
| my sorow wold god at ye beginnyng of ye game
and argude wt moyr gode dede he chon
go thank tought mabyrde wyll | thank be bade
to fleyght with a dethyn my fond
for wt he. spade | wold my wordly
honeyse. howsh. wought. thank all to store
| thank ye wyll | pitt to se ye world
wyll ye to dyt | god ye dyll
a tasse a tasse ow dethyn | xall be you no more

Mabyrde

Honorabyll & well be lovyd frende I hertely recomaund me un to yow

A las a las vow vow en gethe wt sorowe
Pesse fayer babys ȝe xall have a nappyll te morowe
Why grete ȝe so sore — Noug
A basse mast' a basse my pryke
A wher a babe fayer babe ba me — Myscheff
Abyde to sow I xall yt se — Nowadȝ
Hey hey se my hede gode mast' — Myscheff
Lady helpe sely darlyng vow vow
I xall helpe yt of i peyne
I xall smyte of yi hede & sett yt on agayn — Nought
By owr lady a fayer pleasure
Wyll ȝe of wt hys hede yt ys a schrewde charme
As for me I have non harme
I were loth to forbere myn arme
ȝe pley in nomine patris choppe — Noug
ȝe xall not choppe my jewellys & I may — Nowadȝ
ȝe crystys crosse wyll ȝe smyght my hede awey
Ther wer on & on oute ȝe xall not assay
I myght well be callyd a foppe — Myscheff
I kan choppe yt of & make yt agayn — Nowgyse
I had a schrewde recumbyr but I fele no peyne — Nowadays
And me my hede ys all save & hole agayn
Now towchyng ye mater of mankynde
Lett ws have an interlocucyon sythe ȝe be cum hethere
yt were goode to have an ende.
How how a mynstrell know ȝe ony out — Myscheff
I kan pype in a walsyngham wystyll I nought — Nought
Blow a pase & yu xall bryng hym in wt a flewte — Nought — Myscheff
I com wt my leggys under me — Tytivillus
How newgyse nowadays herke or I goo — Myscheff
When owr hedys wer togethyr I spake of si dedero — Nowgyse

Nowadays

Nowadays

Nowadays

Nowadays

Nowadays

Nowadays

Nowadays

Nowadays

Nowadays

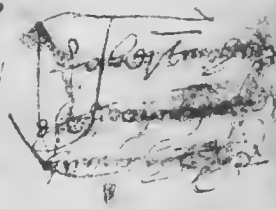
Nowadays

Nowadays

Dyth I shall dopo elyse me fnd qor ȳ I do
God pond and all pfons of hys host mey

Ihū

Ihū crist dd vs amn mato
yu nond pnc̄ pfnt spūs sc̄ amn
wyesthopyt pdestynyd I shall do my pfyt
myndyng yt dedyd by my fynall purpos wyll
God pfne hym fro all wyckyd enpenntes
and sad hym hyne hys bensfull cōdicions to mortefye
how for hys lowe ȳ for vs pcedyng hys humanite
secynd pt cōdicyond vs dew examinacio
thynkes I nessesyr ȳ wold yt out a vanite
and ȳt ȳt pwyd duly by dyuse tēptacions
myndend yt wyckyd ene shuld suffycyent power
ne pfe God fow all p fnd me mand
ȳ ȳ may be plesyng vn ȳ angell a bove
and hauyng to pt porcyon vnto eternal amn



Ihūs

mercy Jhesu